THE

Gentleman's Journal:

OR THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Conſiſting of

News, Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Poetry, Muſick, Tranſlations, &c.

AUGUST 1692.

Non canimus ſurdis :
—Vireſque acquirit eundo. } Virgil. { Eclog. X. / Æn. IV.

Licenſed, *Auguſt* 24th, 1692. *R. Midgley.*

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Where are alſo to be had Journals for *January, February, March, April, May, June,* and *July.*

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Page 32, *the last Line, for* did the, *read,* did she.

Those who are willing to send any thing in *Verse* or *Prose* to be inserted in this *Miscellany*, are desir'd to direct it as before, to be left at the *Latin Coffee-House* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*, or at Mr. *Baldwin's* in *Warwick-lane*, for the Author of the *Gentleman's Journal*, not forgetting to discharge the Postage.

THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

AUGUST the 22d, 1692.

TRuly, Sir, I did well to diſcover my want the laſt month, nor can you blame me for complaining of Poverty, ſince it hath brought me enough to treat you plentifully, this month at leaſt. It ſeems I have already awakened ſome of our Lovers and Favourites of the Muſes; ſince my deſire of ſerving the Public, hath animated ſeveral of them generouſly to enable me to do it, and civilly forced from them ſuch ingenious pieces, as cannot but make this Collection very diverting. I hope now, that without any further importunity, they will favour me for the future with ſuch things, either of theirs, or others, as may contribute to the Benefit or Pleaſure of thoſe who have a true taſte of Polite Learning; for what Pity were it not, ſhould thoſe things be confin'd within the narrow Sphere of a Cloſet, which may yield as much Honor to their Authors as Satisfaction to every Reader.

The following Stanza's, by Mr. *Prior*, are of that kind. He wrote an Ode lately, publiſhed by Mr. *Tonſon*, which, tho his extream Modeſty makes him call it an Imitation of the 2d Ode of *Horace*'s 3d book, may juſtly be ſtiled an Original deſerving the Admiration of the greateſt Judges. Theſe Verſes are not on ſo lofty a ſubject, and were written long before the other, yet are no ways unworthy of their Author.

Verſes by Mr. *Prior.*

I.

WHilſt Beauty, Youth, and gay Delight
In all thy Looks and Geſtures ſhine,
Thou haſt, my Dear, undoubted Right
To rule this deſtin'd Heart of mine.

My Reaſon bends to what your Eyes ordain,
For I was born to Love, and you to Reign.

II.

But, would you meanly then rely
On Power you know I muſt obey,
It is but legal Tyranny
To do an Ill becauſe you may:
Why muſt I thee as Atheiſts Heav'n adore,
Not ſee thy Mercy, and but dread thy Pow'r?

III.

Take Care, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
Time equally with Love is blind:
Soon muſt theſe Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauties find:
The thouſand Loves that arm thy potent Eye
Muſt drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and dye.

IV.

Then thou wilt ſigh, when in each Frown
One hateful Wrinkle more appears,
And putting peeviſh Humors on
Seems but the ſad effect of Years;
Ev'n Kindneſs, then, too weak a Charm will prove
To reinflame the Aſhes of my Love.

V.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows,
Will ſhew thee juſt above Neglect;
The heat with which thy Lover glows
Will ſettle into cold Reſpect:
A talking dull Platonic *I ſhall turn,*
Learn to be Civil, when I ceaſe to burn.

VI.

Then ſhun that Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindneſs and Conſtancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a Weight as that of Love:

If thou wouldſt wiſh to make my Flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce and very pure.

VII.

Haſte, Celia, *haſte, whilſt Love invites,*
Obey the gentle Godhead's Voice;
Fill ev'ry Senſe with ſoft Delights,
And give thy Soul a looſe to Joys;
Let millions of repeated Bliſſes prove
That thou art Kindneſs all, and I all Love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine, take care
Thy Words, thy Looks, thy Dreams to guide
To me alone, nor come ſo far
As liking any Youth beſide;
What Men e're Court thee, flie them, and believe
They're Serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So will I Court thy deareſt Truth,
When Beauty ceaſes to engage,
And, thinking on thy pleaſing Youth,
I'le love thee on in ſpite of Age:
So Time itſelf our Tranſports ſhall improve,
And ſtill we'le wake to Joys, and live to love.

THus when *Cupid* reigns in the hearts of the grateful and judicious, his Throne is not to be ſhaken, and Joys are always renewing. It were to be wiſh'd that all thoſe who own his power would more juſtly pay to that Soveraign his dues, and not pretend to the Title of Lovers when nothing animates them but the Ambition of triumphing over the Fair, or a deſire to trifle away their idle hours.

The Reward of Indifference.

SOme men are not a little guilty of thoſe faults, they make their Addreſſes to all that have any Charms, and, taking a fancy to be in Love meerly to appear faſhionable, it may be ſaid that they love all Women without loving any; or rather that they only love themſelves. *Littlewit* was one of that number, and, like moſt other young Sparks juſt at age to ſquander an Eſtate, as ſoon as he ſaw himſelf free from the ſevere reſtraint of his Guardian, reſolved at once to give

give himſelf to Love, and all manner of Pleaſure, and to outdo the moſt rearing *Beau* in Garb and Equipage. Among the Beauties who frequent ſome famous Wells within leſs than a days Journey from *London*, he fixed his Eyes upon a young Lady well worthy the Love of an accompliſh'd Gentleman. He was happy enough to prevail with her to be his Partner in a Country Dance; and, as Chance would have it, ſhe almoſt fainted away as ſoon as it was over. The little Services he ſtrove to do her, were a means to introduce him to the Lady, and he reſolved to do ſomething upon her accident that might recommend him to her, and appear ſingular. For this, he immediately goes to a Dealer in *Wit*, of his Acquaintance, and told him his deſign. The *Wit* or, the Author, as you will pleaſe to call him, found this a moſt happy ſubject, and told him that he would write ſomething very pretty for him upon it: He accordingly brought him ſome Verſes the next day, for which *Littlewit* paid him well, but he did not think his Money ill beſtowed, for they were extremely well lik'd, and gave him much reputation among thoſe that did not know him well: For, thoſe who knew the pitch of his Underſtanding, eaſily gueſſed that he had made uſe of anothers Pen. *Littlewit* whoſe Eſtate, Verſes and handſom Meen had partly prejudiced the young Lady in his Favour, paid her ſeveral Viſits in the quality of a Lover; but ſtill he kept to his way of Courtſhip, and did none of thoſe things which Love requires his Votaries to do; he neither aſſiduouſly came to ſee his Miſtreſs, nor centring his Happineſs in hers, bent his whole thoughts to pleaſe her, neglecting all other enjoyments for that of her dearer Company; his heart was not made for thoſe ſtrong engagements. And as he admired nothing more than himſelf, his talk ran generally more upon his Perfections than on thoſe of his Miſtreſs; and whither he thought it was enough to have told her at firſt that he lov'd her, he ſeldom importun'd her for a kind return, or tir'd her with repeated proteſtations of the greatneſs of his Love. She was ſenſible of his Vanity in a little time, and had too much wit to love one who lov'd none but himſelf; ſhe knew alſo that real Love was no more to be found than Judgment, where ſo much Foppery reſided; and the Vanity of others being ſo much the more inſufferable as it offends our own, I do not wonder at the ſcorn ſhe conceiv'd for him; however, ſhe did not diſcover it to him, but by the adviſe of ſome of her Acquaintance, ſhow'd him as much reſpect as he deſerv'd contempt, meerly to laugh at him the more afterwards. To effect this ſhe undertook to act the part he ought to have play'd, and to ſeem in Love with him that ſhould have adored her. She writ him the kindeſt Letters in the world, and did not

forget

forget to extoll his Charms to the higheſt Degree. Our Fop took all this to be no leſs than the real effect of his Merit, and believed that the Lady was, in good earneſt, deeply in Love with him; which rendred him moſt intollerably proud, and made him affect to appear cruel, ſo that he hardly deem'd to oblige her with a kind Look. Thoſe of his Brother Fops that were as ſilly as himſelf, told him upon this, that he ought to make uſe of this good Fortune, and that a young brisk Fellow that doth not obtain the laſt favour of the woman that loves him, as richly deſerves to be mark'd for a Fool, as he that will ſtarve at a Feaſt where he is welcome; as to this they were in the right, but they were not a little miſtaken in that they had not the ſence to find out that *Littlewit*'s Miſtreſs only banter'd him. That new *Narciſſus*, who thought that all the world admired him as much as he did himſelf, ſuffered his Pride to abate for a while, to urge the Lady to give him ſome marks of her Paſſion, and endeavoured to bring her to an Aſſignation, that he might with Freedom paſs ſome hours with her alone. She after a weak denial, at laſt ſeem'd to conſent to his deſire, and told him that ſhe would let him in at Night and bring him to her Chamber. The Spark came at the appointed time, and ſhe accordingly conducted him, in the dark, into a Room, and giving him a great caution not to ſpeak, there being but a thin partition that divided that Room from the next, ſhe told him that ſhe was ſomewhat ſleepy and would go to Bed, ſo, with a pretence to undreſs and lay her Cloaths on the Table, ſhe ſtole out of the Room, whilſt *Littlewit* was undreſſing in the dark as well as he could. He heard the Voices of ſeveral Perſons into the next Room ſome of whom he fancied he knew, however, he went to Bed, and was at firſt very joyful to find ſome body there by his ſide, and imagin'd that Love had help'd to undreſs his Miſtreſs, that ſhe might the ſooner be in his Arms; he reſolved to loſe no time, ſo he immediately began to careſs his lovely Bedfellow, but never was expecting Lover more diſappointed; alas, inſtead of meeting with a return ſuitable to his Kindneſs, and embracing a juicy young amorous Creature, he found he had got an old, decrepit, ſapleſs, peeviſh woman by his ſide, who, as ſoon as he touch'd her, wak'd, and knowing nothing of the buſineſs, bawl'd and made a dreadful Noiſe, and laying him on with her fiſts, and ſcratching his Face unmercifully, cry'd out Murther in a diſmal Tone. The Ladies Friends who were in the next Room to be Spectators of the Tranſactions, and divert themſelves at the others coſt, ſoon broke open the door, which the young Lady had double lockt, and coming into the Room, ſeem'd extreamly amaz'd to find our Lover thus,

with

with one of the ugliest antiquated pieces of Mortality that could be seen; they ask'd what the matter was. Oh! said the toothless old Hag, *this villain here would have ravish'd me, and had you not come to my rescue I had been undone for ever; but I will have him hang'd for an example to the rest of the lewd Wretches like him, who dare attempt to wrong the Chastity of innocent Women. Alas! Good Woman you are mistaken*, said one of the Company, *you do not know the Gentleman I find, he hath more opportunities of making fine women happy than he can well manage, and is even at a loss to serve half the Beauties that languish for his Love, and dye by the power of his Charms. You see he is young enough to be your Great Grandson*, said another. He soon perceived that they all laught at him, and whilst some were pacifying the old woman, he clapt on his Cloaths with more haste, if possible, than he had pull'd them off, and with several Oaths and Curses, which he was forc'd however to mumble to himself, sneak'd away.

This is doubtless enough to make him wiser for the future, but tho he may mend, I am afraid his Example will not prevail as much as I could wish on others of his kind.

There are but too many of them that laugh at the assiduity of those who pay to their Mistresses that real respect which is due to their merit: Men, who, tho they pretend to the nicest breeding, come into their company without shewing the least complaisance, and hardly common civility; you may see them lolling in large Chairs, shifting twenty different postures, generally not over-decent; thinking by their affected Carelesness to give an air of quality to all their actions: Instead of entertaining the Ladies with obliging or pleasing discourses, some of them are continually breaking their heads with some common Song, which they sing wretchedly, or are offering at some dull insipid Jest, if not talking of the admirable qualities of their Horses, or the rare perfections of their Dogs, and such other things as indifferent to the beauteous Sex, as they are little edifying in themselves.

Those men, who thus neglect the Joys which their outward Charms can procure them in their youth, stand in as great a need of a kind Admonition as those scornful Beauties who seem to have been made to make our Sex unfortunate. I gave the latter some Advice in my last, in an Imitation of the 10th Ode of *Horace*'s 4th book, which I was desired to make fit for a Song; and you will not, I hope, think it improper to make a Lady speak here the substance of that Ode to one of our Sex.

O Cru-

O crudelis adhuc & veneris muneribus potens.

AH! Strephon, *why ſo proud, ſo ſcornful ſtill,*
So lovely Cruel, ſo unkindly Fair?
Were thoſe ſweet Looks by Heav'n deſign'd to kill,
Or force our yielding Sex to languiſh in Deſpair?

We ſee alas! We ſee your beauteous Face,
Your youthful Vigor, your victorious Charms,
That Hair whoſe flowing Locks your ſhoulders grace,
That Heat which your ſmooth Cheeks with Roſy Bluſhes warms.

But know, dear Boy, advancing Years muſt change
The ſoft, the ſmooth, the flowing, and the Fair;
Your wrinkled Brow will to your ſelf look ſtrange,
And your pale hollow Cheeks o'regrown with rugged Hair.

When Beauty's gone, Love's Sweets you'll long to taſte,
And vainly ſue for what you now deſpiſe;
We grow revengeful when our Hopes are paſt,
And view with Scorn the trifling Conqueſts of our Eyes.

You ſee that in Love, as well as War, an inglorious Conqueſt is unregarded; ſome decay'd ruin'd places are not worth a Siege, but others add to the Conqueror's glory, by their ſtrength and vigorous reſiſtance. Were all the Sieges in *Flanders* like that which the following Dialogue mentions, I fancy that it would not be the moſt unpleaſant Toil incumbent upon a Soldier to be engag'd in them. I receiv'd it from an unknown hand.

STREPHON *and* SYLVIA. *A Dialogue.*

Streph. *WHen, cruel* Sylvia, *will you yield the Fort*
I hitherto have long beſieg'd in vain?
I'll ne're leave off, tho' at my Toil you ſport,
When won, 'twill more than countervail the Pain.

Sylvia. *Soldier, you talk of Victory too faſt,*
The well-arm'd Gariſon, ten thouſand ſtrong,
Will Cannon proof againſt the Batt'ries laſt
Of your inſinuating crafty Tongue.

Streph. *I own your ſtrength, and do of mine deſpair;*
Yet, know that deſp'rate ſtrength can much prform

That you Surrender better is by far,
Than that I, hopeleſs grown, ſhould rudely ſtorm.

Sylvia. *Imagine that I would Capitulate,*
(Which yet I am reſolv'd I'll never do,
But merely ask for tryals ſake) pray, what
Are the moſt advantageous terms you'd ſhow?

Streph. *Nay, deareſt* Sylvia, *you your own ſhall make,*
I'll ſign a Blank to be fill'd up by you.
I in this Caſe then give, would rather take,
(In Words I fight, in Deeds I humbly ſue.)

Sylvia. *You act not fairly thus the Truce to break.*
What? laying Ambuſh to ſurprize my Heart?
I muſt confeſs, tho' I'm aſham'd to ſpeak,
It narrowly eſcap'd the treach'rous Dart.

Streph. *Mince not, but if to Yielding you're inclin'd,*
(Or are you ſtill to hold out fully bent?)
No longer torture my diſtracted Mind;
Say —— or at laſt doth Silence give Conſent?

Sylvia. *I ſhake —— Rocks undermin'd muſt tumble down:*
In vain we Virgins ſtrive to arm our Eyes,
And guard our Foreheads with an awful Frown
Againſt the ſtrong Artill'ry of your Sighs!

Streph. *You muſt as Cautionary give a Gate,*
That middle Gate which leads to th'Seat of Bliſs:
Till when I ſhall be fearful of a Cheat,
Leſt I ſhould of my hop'd-for Booty miſs.

Sylvia. *Not ſo, my* Strephon, *you too haſty run;*
Paſſion, inſtead of Reaſon, ſways your Mind:
Tho' terms are now in part agreed upon,
Yet muſt you ſtay till th' Articles are ſign'd.

Thus Swords were ſheath'd, and hoſtile Acts did ceaſe,
Forerunners to an everlaſting Peace.
Tho' Sylvia *did his raſh Propoſal blame,*
She made another in effect the ſame,
That Hearts the mutual Hoſtages ſhould be,
To which the Youth did with ſome pain agree,
So dear, ſo ſweet a thing is Liberty.

Now

Now Hymen *hath this lovely Couple join'd.*
Yet, e're the Fort to Strephon *was reſign'd,*
In Sylvia's *Phraſe theſe Articles were ſign'd:*
Sylvia, *like* Cynthia, *is to rule by Night,*
And he, Apollo, *is to ſway the Light:*
Yet ſhe is ſo to rule, and he to ſway,
As both ſhould think it pleaſant to obey.
Now Joys and Pleaſure warmly flie about,
She's only griev'd that ſhe ſo long held out.

The Allegory will, I hope, pleaſe you, ſince it is ſo well kept through the whole Dialogue. Nor is it ſtrange to hear Perſons, whoſe Names ſeem to diſcover them to be Shepherds, ſpeak the language of our modern Warriors; for, ſince the heroic Actions of our Prince have afforded ſubjects to employ all our Tongues, our Shepherds may be allowed to have remembred ſome of the Military Terms, and in a familiar Diſcourſe apply them to their uſe. The Author of the Dialogue hath alſo very judiciouſly made *Sylvia* check *Strephon*'s Extravagancy, when his Paſſion hath carried him to purſue the Allegory ſomething too far.

The following Verſes treat of Love alſo, tho in a very different Style, and will, doubtleſs, pleaſe you. They were written by Mr. *J. Millerd.*

SInce I muſt love I'le e'ne confeſs it too
And give the matchleſs Celia's *Eyes their due.*
Nature with a juſt Pride beholds her ſtill;
And, wond'ring much at her improving Skill,
Wiſhes that Venus *were to make again,*
Seeing the many Graces ſhe could mend her in.
Oh that I might poſſeſs'd of all her Charms,
Hold the bright Nymph enclos'd within my Arms.
Ne're yet the Zodiac ſo much Worth embrac'd,
Tho Heav'n within its circling Bounds is plac'd.
But hold; nor wrong with praiſes her I love,
Leſt to the Skies ſome God the Nymph remove,
A Seat 'mongſt feeble Lights above prepare,
And ruine all her brightneſs in a Star.
For they to love, for they to know, deſire,
Phœbus *oft burns with more than nat'ral fire.*
Unſatiated he roams from Shore to Shore,
Choice Beauties ſees, and haſtens on to more.

And when h'as travell'd all the Star-pav'd Road,
To waiting Thetis *leaps the plunging God.*
What he doth there may well conjectur'd be,
Since he ſtill bluſhes when he leaves the Sea.
Jove *could with eaſe Gigantic Arms withſtand,*
And cruſh the Rebels with a powerful hand.
They little thought, when up they Mountains tore,
'Twas but to ope themſelves a Sepulcre.
But ah! Omnipotence doth uſeleſs prove,
Againſt the onſet of aſſailing Love.
The God would fain from the ſoft pain be free,
And ſtrives to be contented with Divinity;
But that grows dull, Love's Joys alone can pleaſe,
And help him long Eternity to eaſe.
A Female look his Thunder can out brave,
As ſwiftly burn and kill, more kindly ſave,
And turn the King of Gods into an humble Slave.

Anacreon knew this well when he wrote his ſecond Ode, of which the following Paraphraſe was given me. The Author of it is a very young Gentleman, who deſires not to be known.

When Creatures firſt were form'd, by Nature's Laws
The Bulls had horns, the Lions teeth and paws:
To Hares ſhe ſwiftneſs gave, to Fiſhes finnes,
The Horſe enjoy'd his hoofs, the Bird had wings:
To Lordly Man ſound Wiſdom was aſſign'd;
So no defence was left for Womankind.
But, to ſupply that want, ſhe gave her ſuch a Face
As makes the bold, the fierce, the ſwift, to ſtoop and plead for Grace.

You have an Inſtance of the power of that enchanting Sex in the following Verſes; they expreſs an extream paſſion with as great a reſpect, and her Cruelty muſt be as extraordinary as her Charms, who can view ſo much merit and leave it unrewarded.

While vulgar Beauties ſtrive, with utmoſt Art,
To fire ſome cold, or fix ſome roving Heart,
Fair Iſis *undeſigning kills.*
At each ſlight Glance, her beauteous Eyes inſpire
A bright and an immortal Fire:
She every breaſt with Love and Wonder fills.

Where

Where e're ſhe turns that ſweet, that charming Face,
She wounds and conquers with reſiſtleſs Grace.

Struck to the Heart by her victorious Eyes,
The ſighing, languiſhing, Oſiris *dyes.*
To mitigate the ſcorching Fire,
No ſoft and pleaſing hope, at laſt to win
The beauteous Fort, dare venture in:
To charming ſhe; too hopeleſs my deſire.
At once, by the divine inchanting Fair,
I'm burnt with Love, and frozen with Deſpair.

After all, the heat of Love is much like that of this ſeaſon, it rages for a while, and the prevailing beams of the object ſet us, as it were, on fire; but when it leaves us, and its feeble Rays are dull'd by time and diſtance, we return to our native coldneſs. Let us leave then the Heat of Love for a while, to diſcourſe of that of the weather.

Of the DOG-DAYS.

ASTrologers, among the imaginary Monſters and Figures wherewith they have filled the Sky, have feigned two Dogs there, one of which they have called *Canicula*, made up of two Stars, the other compoſed of eighteen, the greateſt of which is the brighteſt of all thoſe that appear in our Hemiſphere, called by the Greeks and Latins *Sirius*, and they believe that its conjunction with the Sun, in his Oriental Point, cauſes the burning heats of Summer. But neither that, nor any other of the fixt Stars in conjunction with the Sun, can occaſion any ſuch Heat, by reaſon of their vaſt diſtance from us, and that, being all of the ſame ſubſtance, they cannot have qualities contrary to one another; as alſo the Retrogradation of their Sphere, whoſe motion being contrary to that of the *Primum Mobile* (or if you will have it ſo to that of the Earth) makes a ſenſible alteration in ſome ages, tho 'tis not obſervable in a ſhort ſpace of time. This is obſervable in the Little Dog-ſtar, which *Ptolemy* marks in the Tables of his time in the 18 degree, 10 minutes of *Gemini*; *Alphonſo* King of *Caſtile* places it in his, at the 4th degree of *Cancer*, and now it is advanced ſeveral degrees according to *Tycho* and *Copernicus*; which ſhows that, after many ages, that Star ought to be among the Winter Signs, and that at the time of the Creation, it muſt have been in the Sign of *Aries* about the Vernal Equinox; and that conſequently

ſequently the Dog-days might come to be in the coldeſt Seaſon. Beſides if this conjunction had ſo much force, the Dog-days ſhould always be ſultry hot and burning; yet it happens that ſome years they are cold and rainy, and this year particularly we have not much reaſon to complain of their exceſſive heat. I know that Aſtrologers aſcribe this to the different Aſpect of *Saturn*, or other cold Stars but they might perceive that weakening the powers of ſome, by the' others, they ruine them all. We may therefore ſay, that the Dog-ſtar is the ſign of hot weather, but not the cauſe of it, having only by chance fallen in the Summer Signs, and by its being in conjunction with the Sun during the hot Seaſon, People have thought it chiefly was the cauſe of that heat; whereas we ought to look for no other than the continuity of the Suns Action; for, having already warm'd the Air and the Earth during the whole Spring, diſſipated the watry moiſtneſs which is cold in its nature, and being about the middle of three months Summer, it is hotter than when it was nearer us, as we ſee that it is hotter at two in the Afternoon, than at ten in the Morning, tho the Sun be then at the ſame diſtance, and even hotter than at Noon, tho it be then neareſt. As for the Rains in that ſeaſon they may proceed from the too great Abſtraction of Vapors by the heat of the Sun, as is ſeen about the Torrid Zone, where it rains continually when the Sun is in his *Apogæo*. Now the Ancients having obſerv'd that the greateſt heat is commonly when the Sun is at the end of *Cancer*, and the beginning of *Leo*, and that, at the ſame time, the Dog-ſtar roſe with the Sun, which is what Aſtronomers call *Ortus Coſmicus*, they call'd thoſe days the Dog or Canicular days, and indeed about two thouſand years ago the Star did riſe exactly with the Sun, in the Dog-days; the heat is remained, but the Star is paſt by, and doth not riſe with the Sun now, till the Dog-days, and the Vigor of the Heat, are partly over.

'Tis high time when theſe days are paſt to gather thoſe Roſes, which as they are ſcarce, muſt ſoon yield to their fate, and drop away and wither. I ſend you here one which hath no need ever to fear that deſtiny; it is freſh and uncommon, I'le aſſure you, and came out of a Garden where no common Flowers are growing.

The ROSE, *by Mr.* R. T.

See! Sylvia. *ſee this new blown Roſe!*
(The Image of thy bluſh)
Mark how it ſmiles upon its buſh,
And triumphs as it grows!

Ob

Oh pluck it not, we'll come anon,
(Thou ſayſt.) Alas! 'twill then be gone.

Now that its purple glory's ſpread,
Soon will it droop and fall,
Soon too will it not be at all;
(Things rare draw a ſhort thread)
What thinkſt thou? ſeems it not to ſay,
Come on, come crop me while you may.

May we not ſay of this Roſe, what *Taſſo* ſaid of another, that *Cupid* is poſted in Ambuſcado in the midſt of it.

Che dentro de ſue foglie il crudo amore
Fabrica lacci, e tien larette aſcoſa.
S'alcun' la calca, porge il capo fuore,
E d'agli pena acerba e doloroſa:
Quando vn la tocca, o per maggior diletto
L'odora, il traditor battendo l'ale
Con l'odore eſce, e entragli nel petto.

This Engliſh Roſe puts me in mind of ſome Latin ones, which, perhaps, you have not ſeen; and I am much miſtaken, if you will not own that they have a better Smell than all the Jaſſemin and Tuberoſes in your Garden.

Venerunt aliquando Roſæ: proh veris amœni
Ingenium! una dies oſtendit ſpicula florum,
Altera pyramidas, nodo majore tumentes:
Tertia jam calathos: totum lux quarta peregit
Floris opus. Pereunt hodie niſi manè legantur.

Let theſe Verſes be followed by an Epigram by Mr. *R. T.* which was ſent me from *Oxford*.

Ad Auctum Exhæredem.

Rem omnem pauperibus dedit ſupremis
Hermes *in tabulis*; *tibi*, Aucte, *ne vel*
Quadrans ſcribitur; *ingemis doleſque?*
Gaudendum potius tibi eſt egene.

The Verſes that follow were made for a Nuptial Song: You will eaſily know them to be Sir *Charles Sidley*'s, and cannot but read them with an entire ſatisfaction.

SEE Hymen *comes, how his Torch blazes!*
Looser Loves, how dim they burn!
No Pleasures equal chaste Embraces,
When we Love for Love Return.

When Fortune makes the Match, he rages,
And forsakes th'unequal Pair:
But when Love two Hearts engages,
The *kind God is ever there.*

Regard not then high Blood, nor Riches,
You that would his Blessings have;
Let untaught Love guide all your Wishes,
Hymen *should be* Cupid's *Slave.*

Young Virgins that yet bear your Passions
Coldly, as the Flint her Fire:
Offer to Hymen *your Devotions,*
He will warm you with desire.

Young Men no more neglect your Duty
To the God of Nuptial Vows:
Pay your long Arrears to Beauty
As his chaster Law allows.

You, who in your Solitude apply your self sometimes to Gardening, that useful, innocent, pleasant Pastime, will be glad to see a most curious Treatise of that part of it that relates to Fruits and Herbs, lately written in *French* by Mr. *de la Quintenye*, one of the most famous Men of this Age in those matters, and dedicated to *Lewis* XIV. his Master. It contains also a Treatise of Orange Trees, and several uncommon Reflections on Husbandry; 'tis a large Quarto. It is pity to see that Prop of Kingdoms so much neglected. *Pliny*, when he tells us that the Fields were improved by the hands of those who had deserved and received Triumphal Honours, forgets not to add, That *it seemed as if the Earth joyfully proud to be ploughed by such uncommon Men, yielded its Fruits with a greater Liberality.* But Ambition blinds this Age, and we may well say with *Virgil* in his Georg.

O Fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolas!

And with *Horace* in the 15th Ode of his 2d Book of Lyrics:

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent.

Here is a paraphrastical Imitation of it, that is extremely well applied to the present purpose, by Mr. *Jo. Mitchel.*

A Pa-

A Paraphraſtical Imitation of the 15th. *Ode* of the Second Book of *Horace's Lyrics.*

At laſt the luſtfull Rage
Of the lew'd Spend-alls *of this thriftleſs Age*
In Surfeiting Enjoyment's drown'd,
They loath the obvious Town-Delights;
New poignant pleaſures muſt be found,
To whet their nauſeating Appetites;
To carry on the great Debauch,
New Springs of Lux'ry muſt be ſet a-broach.

The Country's guiltleſs Charms,
Muſt be expos'd a prey to Num'rous ſwarms
Of glutted ſinners, who retire
Their crazy Ruines to repair,
Rekindle Luſt's extinguiſh'd Fire,
And bleach their Sooty Souls in unſoil'd Air;
Now She their Crimes muſt bear,
And all the marks of waſtfull Riot wear.

With Fleecy Glory ſpread,
Or golden Ceres's *richer garments clad,*
Once were our Downs and fertile Fields,
Now Crook and Plough neglected lye;
The baſhfull rural Numen *yields,*
Where lofty Palaces outbrave the Sky,
And, in a Spacious Moat,
Like ſome enchanted Iſlands, ſeem to float.

Here, a fair Field is cut,
All into muddy Ponds, to ſtuff dear gut;
There, for a Path to wanton Feet,
A plain, which once a Harveſt bore,
Is form'd into a graſsy Street,
Wall'd with tall Firr, and leavy Sycamore,
Which only yields a ſhade,
Whilſt uſefull Trees are fell'd, or elſe unheeded fade.

And ev'ry lovely Plot
Of once rich ground is carv'd into a Knot,

Enamell'd all with od'rous Flow'rs,
Which breath around their ſpicy ſteams,
Through the cool Groves, and ſhady Bow'rs,
Guarded from fiery Titan's *tanning Beames,*
While ſpreading Lawrels twin
With ſucklings ſweet, or Fragrant Eglantine.

Not ſo they liv'd, I gueſs,
Thoſe Worthyes who made Cæſar *firſt confeſs,*
That Vict'ry did not always ride
Upon the Cap'tols *lofty Spires,*
Nor to his Eagles Wings was ty'd;
Nor theſe the Arts, by which our Hero Sires,
Taught Pharamund's *proud Race,*
To do obeiſance to the Engliſh *Mace.*

Our Conqueſts were not then
Baulk'd by the ſneaking Arts of peeviſh Men;
No grumblers cropt our budding Bays;
No difference was underſtood,
In thoſe more bleſt and happy Days,
'Twixt Private Int'reſt and the Publick Good:
But they at home abridg'd their coſt,
And deem'd no Wealth on King and Country loſt.

No ſpacious Porches, nor
Jutting Piazzas roof'd the Northen Door,
Where, in the glimm'ring cloſe of Day,
Freſh dewy gales might gently browſe
The neighb'ring Flow'rs and ſerve t'allay
The vap'rous Heat o'th' Afternoons Carowſe:
Such uſeleſs waſte thoſe Heroes *grudg'd,*
And Nobler Gueſts in meaner Houſes lodg'd.

In Marble Temples they,
Breath'd ſober Vows to th' ſmiling Deity;
Towns were inclos'd in Tow'red Walls;
And the diſeaſed Poor could dwell
In Royal Piles of Hoſpitals;
From lofty Caſcades *public Fountains fell:*
Such was the ancient Luxury,
And ſuch their thrifty Prodigality.

The Second *Ænigma* in my laſt, whoſe word is *Fame*, hath procured me the following Blank Verſes as a Solution of it: It is partly a Tranſlation of *Virgil*'s Deſcription of Fame in the Fourth Book of his Æneids; *Fama malum quo non aliud Velocius ullum*, &c.

Fame of all Evils the moſt ſwift and wing'd:
Vigor and Strength by Motion it acquires;
Small in its riſe, like Tempeſts ſeen from far,
Or like th' ignoble ſource of greateſt Rivers,
And fearfull till emboldened by ſucceſs.
Watchfull all night, and active all the day,
With reſtleſs Malice hurries up and down,
Diſturbs the Prince, and keeps the States-man waking,
Frightens great Cities, and foments Sedition,
Sometimes with true, oftner with falſe reports.
Theſe harms and many more are done by Fame,
That buſy, prying, liſtning, noiſy Phantaſm,
Which hath its Birth from Air, and in the Air expires.

The honorable Perſon who wrote theſe Verſes was pleas'd to let me know that he would be glad to ſee that Deſcription put into Rhyme, and the Deſires of thoſe of his Birth and Merit being abſolute Commands to me, I prevail'd on my Honoured Friend Mr. *Milbourne*, whoſe lofty Pen vyes with the moſt majeſtic of our Age, to undertake the uneaſie Task, my ſelf too unable to reach the hights of the Incomparable *Virgil*; a Work which Mr. *Dryden* himſelf repreſents as ſo difficult, if not wholly impoſſible. That beſt of Poets having ſo long continued a ſtranger to tolerable Engliſh, Mr. *Milbourne* pitty'd his hard fate, and ſeeing that ſeveral Great Men had undertaken ſome *Epiſodes* of his *Æneis*, without any deſign of Engliſhing the whole, he gave us the firſt Book of it ſome years ago with a deſign to go through the Poem. It was the misfortune of that firſt attempt to appear juſt about the time of the late Revolution; when few had leaſure to mind ſuch Books; yet, tho' by reaſon of his abſence it was printed with a World of faults, thoſe that are ſufficient Judges have done it the Juſtice to eſteem it a very ſucceſsfull attempt, and cannot but wiſh that he would compleat the entire Tranſlation.

FAME.

A Dreadfull Peſt, ſwift as infectious Air,
To whoſe leaſt flight congenial Ills repair.
At firſt for fear ſhe ſneaks, then, bolder grown,
Imagins all the wide expanſe her own;
Stalks o'er the groaning Earth, her Head loſt quite
In muffling Clouds, and everlaſting Night.
Her, Mother Earth they ſay (whilſt vext ſhe rag'd
At Heav'n whoſe Flames her Gyant Race ingag'd)
The laſt undying hideous Monſter bore,
More fear'd, more terrible than all before.
Her Feet out-ſtrip impetuous Northern Winds,
Her Wings the rapid Thoughts of Labouring Minds;
Horrid and huge, on whoſe vaſt Bulk appears
As many watchfull Eyes, and liſtning Ears,
And gaping Mouths, as many Tongues reſound,
As plumes on that prodigious bulk are found.
By night, through middle Air ſhe wings her way,
Her ſcreaming Notes the gloomy World diſmay;
Her Breaſt with thin fantaſtic rumours fill'd,
Her wakefull Eyes to no ſoft ſlumbers yield;
By day, ſhe ſits perch'd on ſome tow'ring hight,
From whence large Towns her noiſy Peals affright:
Whole Countries quake around at Fame's ſurpriſe,
Whilſt Truth ſhe rarely vends among a thouſand Lyes.

Ill news, you know, as well as falſe reports, ſpread but too faſt; ſo I do not doubt but the account of the Dreadfull Earthquake lately happen'd in *Jamaica*, which, in leſs than two minutes, hath not only deſtroy'd the Flouriſhing Town of *Port Royal*, but chang'd the whole face of that famous Colony, hath reach'd you before this. It is too conſiderable a piece of news not to deſerve a Comment. The Accident is certainly very deplorable and extraordinary, and worthy the ſerious reflection of all Mankind; but yet they muſt be but little acquainted with Hiſtory who ſhall think it unparallell'd.

Of Earth-quakes.

EVery Age hath produc'd ſome Earth quakes: *Ariſtotle*, who makes mention of ſome that laſted Two years, aſcribes to them the Birth of an Iſland near *Pontus*, and of another which he calls *Sacred*;

Sacred; and ſeveral Geographers ſay the ſame of the Iſlands of *Rhodes*, *Delos*, &c. and that *Sicily* was formerly joyn'd to *Italy*, and by an Earth quake was torn from it, whence the place where that fraction happn'd is ſtill call'd *Rhegium* or *Rezzo*, from the Greek word *to Rend* or *Break aſunder*; and *Pliny* tells us, that the Iſland of *Cyprus* was thus divided from the Continent We hear of Mountains, that have knock'd againſt each others, making the Proverb, which ſaith they never meet, a Lyar, and of large Towns that have been remov'd at ſome diſtance from their former ſcituation, without any further inconveniency, as it happen'd in *Syria* in the 9th year of the Emperor *Conſtantine Copronymus*; Others have been overwhelm'd, ſunk and loſt in a moment. *Sparta*, among the reſt, hath ſuffer'd much by Earth quakes, and particularly by one in the 78th Olympiad, whereby Twenty thouſand of its Inhabitants periſh'd. *Joſephus* makes mention of one that ſwallowed up Thirty thouſand *Jews*, and *Juſtin* of another, which devour'd One hundred and Thirty thouſand *Syrians*. About One hundred and Sixty years ago Twelve hundred Houſes at *Lisbon* were ruin'd by an Earth quake; And in the year 1116 one of them over-run moſt parts of *Italy*, principally *Toſcany*, *Campania*, the Territory of *Venice* and *Apulia*, where twelve Towns periſhed, and one that had its name from *Pompey* was loſt in Winter, which ſeaſon is generally held to be free from them; Not to mention thoſe of late years in the Kingdom of *Naples*, which hath from time to time been dreadfully ſhak'd by thoſe ſubterraneous Motions, and principally near Mount *Veſuvio*; and the moſt terrible Earth quakes in *Japan*, mention'd in ſeveral Authors, and particularly *Ogilby*'s account of that Country. Philoſophers have much differ'd in their Opinions concerning the Cauſes of thoſe Earth-quakes; ſome attribute them to a dry Exhalation, which hath the ſame effect in the bowels of the Earth as in the midſt of the Clouds, tearing both with great Violence, when it cannot free it ſelf otherwiſe by reaſon of the hardneſs or denſity of the Bodies that obſtruct its paſſage; Some mention three Cauſes of Earth-quakes, Divine, Aſtrological, and Phyſical, and tell us that the firſt have no other ground than the Will of God, who hath often made uſe of them againſt the courſe of natural Cauſes, to ſhow his Juſtice and Almighty Power, as in that which happen'd at our Saviour's Death, which was univerſal, and ſwallow'd twelve Cities in *Aſia*; and that mention'd by *Sigonius* in the Reign of an *Arrian* Emperor, which devour'd the Town of *Neocæſarea*, all but the Orthodox Church and its Biſhop. If you will believe Aſtrologers, Earth-quakes are caus'd by the Malignant Influences of *Jupiter* and *Mars*, in the *Houſes* of *Taurus*, *Virgo*, and *Capricornus*. But as the firſt of theſe pretended Cauſes

Cauſes ſeem to me ſomewhat too general, ſo thoſe appear to me very uncertain, being generally grounded upon falſe principles, as are thoſe that ſuppoſe the Earth to be a huge Animal that trembles and quivers like all others.

Democritus was of opinion that the Torrents of Rain, filling the Cavities of the Earth, drive out the other Waters by their Impetuous motion, and that from their agitation and removal from one place to another, the Earth accordingly yields more or leſs, and is moved by them: Some think that thoſe Torrents driving the Winds with a great force as Water drives the Air out of a Bottle when it is filling, ſo theſe Winds puſh and ſhake the Earth till they find or make their way, which might be the cauſe of the ſounds that are heard about the time of Earth-quakes. Some ſay that to move the heavieſt Body, which is the Earth, there is need of the moſt active of all agents, Fire; which is the reaſon why thoſe Maritime places, where moſt *Volcano's* are ſeen, whoſe fire feeds it ſelf with the oyly and unctious moiſture of the neighbouring Sea, are moſt ſubject to Earth-quakes; the Irruptions of *Veſuvio* and *Ætna* alſo having been preceded by Earth quakes. Now according to the different matter of thoſe fires, the Earth-quakes which they produce by the attenuation of the enflam'd Air are alſo different, if the matter be nitrous or ſalpetre they are very violent, for Salpetre being of a very dry quality quickly takes fire in all its parts, whereas Sulphur being more fat is not ſo ſoon inflam'd all over, but firſt in its ſurface, its extream moiſtneſs preſerving it for a while. Now theſe combuſtible matters not having the ſtrength to ſhake the Earth till their fire be encreaſed to a ſufficient quantity and proportionate to the vaſt weight they have to move, ſo their firſt effect is only the Infecting with their vapours the Springs of ſubterraneous Waters, as being moſt ſuſceptible of Impreſſion, which made ſome Men, by the different taſte, ſmell and conſiſtence of the Water of Fountains and Wells, fore-tell Earth-quakes; as *Apollonius* tells of *Pherecides*, that having taſted the water of a Spring in *Scyros* he fore-told one that hapned three Days after; which Vapours alſo infecting the Air, Earth quakes are often followed by peſtilence, an ill no leſs fatal, and which ſweeps away the Inhabitants of whole Countries, and lays them waſte and deſolate.

I cannot proceed in the above mentioned diſcourſe for want of room, tho' now that I have mention'd that other miſchief, Peſtilence, I cannot do better than to ſend you ſome Verſes which were ſent by a Gentleman of my acquaintance to one of thoſe Learned Men, who by their profound knowledge of Natures ſecrets, repell the force of that Infectious calamity, and who, tho' theſe Studies ſeem

to

to be at a vaſt diſtance from Poetry, can reconcile them to it with admirable ſucceſs.

Hannes, *the Delight of* Phœbus, *who imparts*
To thee his Darling both his Sacred Arts,
His healing Virtue, and his heav'nly Flame,
His pow'r to give long Life and endleſs Fame,
To a frail Body, and an empty Name,
With Conſtancy thy courſe of Glory run;
Follow the Leading God as thou'ſt begun:
Riſe by vaſt Science and judicious Rage,
Like him t' enlighten and to warm our Age;
At once his Fav'rite and his Rival be,
Till he his Daphne *comes to ſhare with thee,*
Till all his Gifts on thee conferr'd w' admire,
His Vital Influence and Eternal Fire:
That Fire, tho' fierce, impetuous, never ſtrays,
But, Circling in ſublime refulgent ways,
By its juſt courſe ſpreads o're the World its rays.

I have here alſo ſome Verſes which were written by Mr. *C. C.* before the Title-Page of a young Ladies *Letters Amorous and Gallant*, of which I ſpoke to you in my Journal for the Month of *June*. All that have a true taſt of fine writing, muſt doubtleſs contribute to the acknowledgments which are due to the Author of that Collection: As for ſome of the Beaux, I ſhould not wonder to hear them decry it; for it is indeed to be gueſs'd that they are angry that Mr. *W-lſh.* who looks and dreſſes as well as they do, ſhould have ſome other conſiderable advantages they want. And after all, 'tis ſomewhat unreaſonable for a tall, handſome, promiſing Gentleman to write *Billets* without nonſence or falſe Engliſh, or be able to entertain a fine Woman without calling the common Cant of the Town to his aſſiſtance, ſince it gives him too great an advantage over his Competitors.

Verſes written in a young Lady's *Letters Amorous and gallant.*

Here we may view, and here we ſhould admire
What Nature, Books and Travel can inſpire;
No learned Academic thus could write,
No Courtier thus with uninſtructed Wit;
Strict Senſe appears in the moſt Careleſs Line,
And in the moſt exact the Graces ſhine.
Here Balſac's *phancy eaſily is wrought,*
And Voiture's *Gallant turn improv'd by Thought;* Spains

Spains Wit, French Air, with English Force are joyn'd,
And ſtill each Nation's Genius is refin'd.
Well then, what can by Humane Aids be done,
Our Generous Author has already ſhown.
Oh let him form his Words and Thoughts by thine,
And what he gives us next will be Divine.

Thoſe who, like that Gentleman, are at once deeply read in Men and Books, and animated by that ſoft paſſion which of it ſelf Inſpire's Wit and Gallantry, can never fail to pleaſe; principally if they take as much care to copy the beſt Authors and chiefly the Ancients, as he hath done. Beſides their examples they have left us ſo good rules, that it may be ſaid, that we have in them Infallible Guides.

Ariſtotle's among the reſt may be thought ſuch, therefore 'tis not one of the leaſt obligations which the Commonwealth of Learning oweth to that famous Grammarian Mr. *Dacier* for having given us lately that Author's Treatiſe of Poetry into *French* with large Notes and Obſervations.

Le Chevalier de Meré's Letters are now added to his Converſations and other Works, and make up a Second Volum which will be no leſs acceptable than the firſt.

There is alſo a Book call'd *Nouvelles Converſations de Morale*, ſaid to be by the Famous *Madamoiſelle de Scudery*, which hath lately ſeen the light.

Monſieur Abbadie the Author of *La Verité de la Religion Chrétienne* hath alſo Wrote an uſefull and Ingenious Treatiſe which he calls *L' Art de ſe conoitre ſoy meme.* It is dedicated to my Lord *Sidney*, and will be ſpeedily publiſh'd. He will alſo ſhortly give the World an Anſwer to the *Avis aux Refugiez*, which hath made ſo much noiſe in *Holland* and moſt parts of *Europe*, and hath been aſcrib'd to the famous Mr. *B.* of *Rotterdam.*

Signore *Gregorio Leti*, whoſe indefatigable Pen hath already outwrit the moſt voluminous Authors, hath given us in *Italian* the Life of *O. Cromwell*; you have ſeen already his *Vita de Siſto V.* and his *Teatro Britannico*, and ſeveral others He is now writing the Life of *Queen Elizabeth.* We have had ſometime ago the Hiſtory of *Oliver Cromwell* in *French*, but though it was written by an ingenious Abbot, it may well be counted among the number of Romances, ſince it is ſtufft with a world of Falſities. I cannot forbear obſerving how happy all other Nations eſteem the *Engliſh*, and how mad they muſt be that would ſacrifice the Eaſe and Liberty we now enjoy to arbitrary Government, when I read what Signore *Leti* ſaith of the

Engliſh,

Engliſh, Le ſue Franchiggie, e le ſue libertà ſono infinitamente ſuperiori à quelle degli altri, e pero la conditione degli Ingleſi, in queſto mondo, ſi può dire la piú felice, e la piu benedetta trà tutte quelle degli altri Popoli. That their Rights and Liberties are infinitely greater than thoſe of others, and therefore the condition of the *Engliſh*, in this world, may be ſaid to be more bleſt and happy than that of all other Nations.

All thoſe who read *French* Books have heard of Mr. *Amelot de la Houſſaye*, and Mr. *D' Ablancourt*; among the many Tranſlations which the latter hath made of ſeveral Hiſtorians, that of *Cornelius Tacitus* is not not one of the leaſt. His admirable Style hath juſtly raiſed his Fame, but ſome Critics have not unjuſtly accuſed him of want of exactneſs in many Paſſages. Mr. *Amelot* is one of thoſe; he began ſeveral years ago and ſince the others deceaſe, in his Treatiſe of Flattery which conſiſts of extracts out of *Tacitus*, and now he hath publiſh'd a new Tranſlation of that Author, much labor'd and exact.

We have alſo newly received by the way of *Holland* a *French* Book call'd Preliminaries of the Treaties between the Kings of *France* and all the Princes in Europe ſince *Charles* the *7th*. It conſiſts in an Hiſtorical Diſcourſe by the ſame Mr. *Amelot* on thoſe Princes Treaties, and a Chronological Catalogue of all thoſe that will be contain'd in the 4 Volumes 4° which are to make up that Collection, which will be of much uſe, for there being a thouſand things in Hiſtory that ſeem dark only for want of inſight into the Treatiſes on which they are grounded, ſeveral Hiſtorians talk at random on the differences of Princes. And tho' ſome Princes know but too well how to wreſt the Sence of the Articles they infringe to their Intereſt (which made *Maurice Elector* of *Saxony* ſay to *Charles* the V. That he thought he had been Treating with an *Emperor* and not with a *Lawyer*) yet the Judicious can eaſily diſcover the want of Faith of a Prince by examining the Interpretation or comment with the Text of the Controverted Article.

There is a little Book juſt come from the Preſs call'd *Saul at Endor, or, the Ghoſt of the Marqueſs de Louvois conſulted by the French King concerning the preſent Affairs: Done out of French.* It is full of reflections and obſervations on the moſt important paſſages of that Famous Polititian's miniſtry and his Maſter's preſent condition, and diſcovers ſeveral things well worthy the Peruſal of the Ingenious; the Tranſlator having endeavour'd ſo to diverſify it, as to make the whole not only Hiſtorical and Political, but alſo pleaſant and Satyrical. It treats of the neweſt occurrences even to the taking of *Ambrun*, and is written Dialogue-wiſe.

There will be ſpeedily publiſh'd an Abridgment of the Archi-

tecture of *Vitruvius*. It was firſt done in *French* by *Monſuur Perrault* of the *French* Academy, and is now Engliſh'd with additions, and Illuſtrated with Copper Plates; it contains a Syſtem of the whole Works of that Author, which Mr. *Perrault* hath abridg'd with his uſual Judgment; ſo that this Treatiſe will not only be neceſſary for thoſe who begin the Study of Architecture, but even be of uſe to Maſters, and pleaſing to the Learned.

You will alſo ſhortly ſee a Tranſlation of *Sleydan, De quatuor Imperiis.*

The Abridgment of all the Councils, which the Right Reverend Biſhop of *Salsbury* intends to give the world ſhortly, will be a vaſt and Curious Work, neither can we ſufficiently be thankfull for the indefatigable care of that Learned Prelate.

There is a new Edition of *Lipſius's Roma Illuſtrata*, with the Addition of ſix Chapters generally wanting in the former.

I have received ſeveral Explications of the Earl of *Surrey's* Riddle in my laſt; ſome think it one thing, ſome another; for my part, I muſt own my ſelf partly of the ſentiment of an honourable Perſon, who believes that it refers much to Mr. *Cowley's* Verſes.

Thou thing of ſubtile ſlippery kind,
Which Women loſe, and yet no Man can find.

And as the Lady had it not to give, I ſuppoſe that ſhe pretended at leaſt to give it him to make the bleſſing the greater. The Second *Ænigma* was not ſo myſterious: I knew it well, yet I inſerted it, being ſenſible that thoſe that are very hard are not always fit to be given to my Readers, ſome of whom want to be brought to reliſh that ſort of writing by not finding too much difficulty in the *Ænigma's*, the end of which after all is only to exerciſe our Wit without perplexing it too much. If they are too obſcure they loſe the grace for which they had been invented, nor would they be ſuitable to the genius of ſuch companies where they are read, whoſe moſt Charming and Illuſtrious part the Ladies are; beſides, thoſe trifles are not the ſerious work, but rather the ſport and amuſement of the Muſes. Yet they ought not to want art, and ſince I find that they are generally lik'd, and that even her Majeſty hath been pleaſed to honour ſome of mine with a reading, and thus rais'd their Fortune to the higheſt pitch, I think it may not be amiſs to give here a Diſcourſe concerning *Ænigma's*, which perhaps may ſhew ſuch methods as may be uſefull to thoſe who have a mind to write ſome; you may expect it the next Month. Several have been ſent to me

in

in Verſe without the Solution, which therefore I cannot inſert; among theſe I have had one in Proſe; it is very ſhort and very odd, and ſent by a perſon to whom it were pity to deny ſo ſmall a requeſt. The words are only theſe; *A Pudding hath that which every thing hath; pray what hath a Pudding?* Another was ſent to me in Latin, and had it not been too eaſy and written in Monk's Latin I would have Inſerted it.

The firſt ſolution I received of the ſecond *Ænigma* was this from *Cheſter* ſubſcribed *Diogenes.*

Fictitious Goddeſs! Breath of wavering mob,
Who to thee, Fame, *would Altars raiſe?*
Thou the deſerving ſtill doſt rob,
To give ill deſerving all thy Praiſe.
I ſhould my ſelf the moſt unhappy call,
Did once my name become thy Tennis-Ball.
Let me then, ſilent, in retirement lye;
Rather unknown my name,
Than once beſtride the Wings of Fame;
Leſt, ſoaring on thoſe Wings too high,
My giddy head turn round and I fall down and dye.

I receiv'd Five Solutions of it in Verſe ſince this, ſome of which I am ſorry I have not room to Inſert. They were ſign'd A. P. *Weekes*, H. E, I. *Andrews*, T. R. and alſo one ſign'd *Strephon* with theſe words. *For Fame and Kiſſing, I am ever wiſhing.* Mr. *Manuel Sorrel*, R, *Beheathland*, I. G, *Sphynx, Oedipus*, R. L, N. *James*, *Mary* B, S. W, *Elizabeth Dalton*, *Oſiris* I.T, P. B, R, and the Author of the Dialogue between *Strephon* and *Silvia*, alſo found it out.

Ænigma.

WHo's He that's born of Heav'nly Race,
With noble Air and Charming grace?
Yet's ugly, baſe, deform'd, and foul,
As Hags, or Furies when they ſcoul;
Wiſe, Dextrous, Powerfull and Great,
Poſſeſt of an Imperial ſeat,
Yet ſilly, ſenceleſs, weak, and poor,
And thruſt from every wiſemans door;
He's proud, and ſcornfull, furious mad,
And ſtill for other's bliſſes ſad,

Yet's fawning, flattering, wheadling, kind,
Ready to glutt the greedieſt mind.
Maſter of reaſon, Lord of ſenſe,
Above our dull Impertinence;
Yet dull, irrational and weak,
And can no truth nor reaſon ſpeak.
He's changing ſtill, yet ſtill the ſame,
Moſt lov'd, moſt hated in one name,
The fierceſt Tyrant, eaſieſt Slave,
A Coward always, always brave,
Abſent, yet ever at your hand,
Commanding moſt when at command;
His Beauties make a world of ſlaves,
A world his monſtrous Figure ſaves,
He's always dying, yet can never dy,
And, tho' faſt bound with Chains, free through the Air can fly.

The firſt of the three Songs which I ſend you is ſet by *Mr. Purcell* the *Italian* way; had you heard it ſung by Mrs. *Ayliff* you would have own'd that there is no pleaſure like that which good Notes, when ſo divinely ſung, can create. The ſecond by Mr. *James Hart* will infallibly pleaſe you, as alſo the third, which is a Menuet, ſet by Mr. *Frank*.

The Town yields but little News this Seaſon, and the Gazetts and News-Letters which you receive ſeveral times a week ſpare me the pains of writing to you many things which you could not find in my Journal till the Months end.

That our Forces are landed at *Oſtend*, the Duke of *Savoy* Maſter of *Ambrun*, our Army, as I mention'd in my laſt, ready to take ſome Towns in ſpight of the Enemy, is what you muſt already know. Not to ſpeak of the late Action, where, notwithſtanding their odds and advantage of ground, the *French* loſt ſuch vaſt numbers of men. There is now no cauſe to wonder why our Army did not attempt to raiſe the Siege of *Namur*, for ſince his Majeſty could reckon this a favourable opportunity of engaging the *French*, without doubt they muſt have been very ſtrongly poſted all a long. I am, Sir,

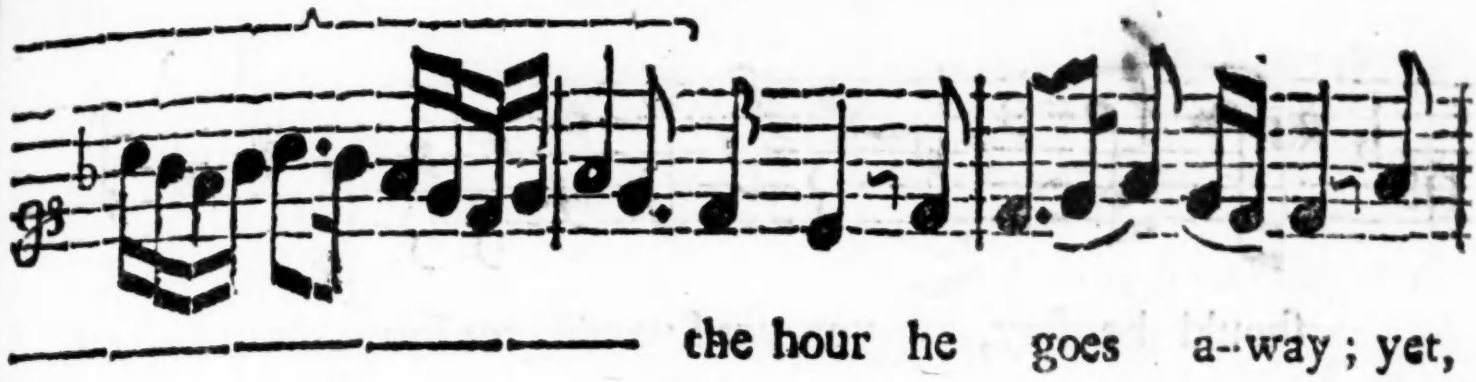
Your moſt humble Servant,

P. M.

F I N I S.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, the Words by Mr. *J. Crown*.

War, to War goes ev'—ry
day, my Love to War, goes
ev'—ry day; In ev'ry Wound of his I bleed, I dye—



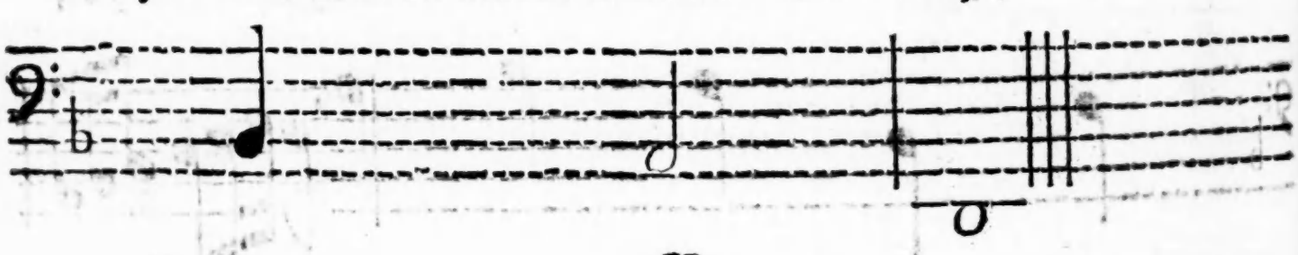
the hour he goes a-way; yet,

yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd hate him ſhould he ſtay: yet,

yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd hate him

ſhould he ſtay, yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd,

yet I wou'd hate him ſhould he ſtay.



II.

Ah! me to many Deaths decreed,
By Love or War, I hourly dye,
When I ſee not my Love I bleed;
Yet when I have him in my Eye,
He kills me with exceſs of Joy.

A Song ſet by Mr. *James Hart*, the Words by Mr. *Salsbury*.

IF a-ny ſullen griefs ariſe, and doe my ſoul ore—run, they vaniſh

at *A-minta's* Eyes, like miſts before the Sun: The Joys that in *A*—

—*min-ta* live, her ſmiles to all im — part, If ſuch delight her

Beauties give, what wou'd her yielding heart? The Spring is not ſo

fair or ſweet, ſo lively and ſo gay, nor does with equal grace

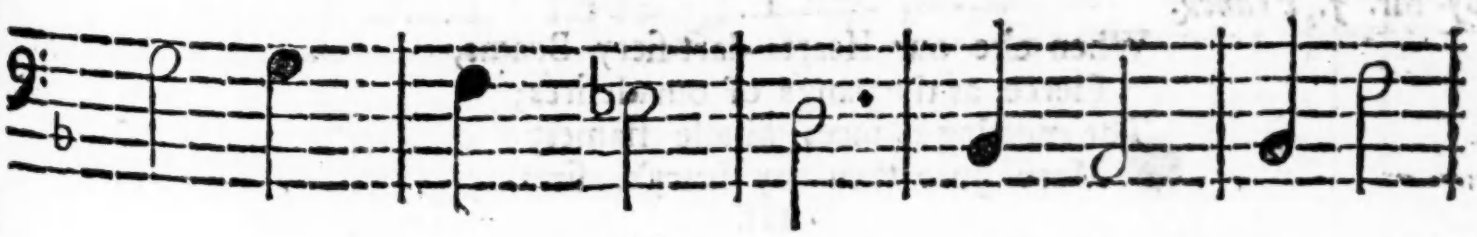
meet in all her pride of *May*, Youth, Beauty, Innocence, and

Wit, in fair *Aminta* joyn; And did the gentle Love ad-

—mit, her me——rits were di———vine.

LOve's Paſſion ne—ver knew till this, a bliſsfull

hap———pi—neſs like mine; with Joy now *Celia*



By Mr. *J. Franck.*

II.

When e're our Hearts dart fiery Beams,
Fierce as the pangs of our deſires;
The meeting glances kindle flames,
More pure then any fancy'd fires.

III.

Then *Celia* let's no Pleaſure want,
To perfect the moſt happy State,
The Bliſs you fear too ſoon to grant,
You'll rather think enjoy'd too late.

F I N I S.